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He recorded interesting observations regarding the various tribes of Indians—whom he found to be of a markedly Malayan or Papuan type—and made partial vocabularies of their languages. Unfortunately his geological and botanical collections had to be abandoned, and two interesting fossils were lost through the treachery of his followers. But he saved his notes and his photographs, and through them has thrown open a new and wonderful region to the imagination and understanding of the civilized world.

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THE FLIGHT AND OTHER POEMS. By GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

Mr. Woodberry's poems win distinction through an undeniable strength and sincerity of feeling, and through a greater breadth and truth of imaginative thought than is common in contemporary verse. The poet handles English vigorously and like an accustomed tool, but too often he seems to handle it prose-fashion. There is more of the sense of struggle for expression, one thinks, than should be, and seldom or never is found in one line or stanza the combination of glowing image conquering thought and natural utterance that makes poetry *par excellence*. Now and then the poet's ear seems to betray him into unpleasing quantitative effects, as in the following lines:

There Carthage led her navied host,  
 Passing the desert solemn;  
 And nigher rose on that sparse coast  
 Rome's eagle-bearing column—

in which the phrase "on that sparse coast" is, by reason of the friction of its consonants, difficult to utter in the metrical time. Such inversions as "the desert solemn," with a certain effect of sing-song, are rather commoner than one likes, and indeed the poet seems comparatively indifferent to the musical side of his art. Even poor lines, however, are dignified by real thought, and if the tool slips it slips in the intended groove. Such lines as—

The nerves are the burning current  
 Of the universe aglow,

and—

—straightest into every heart  
 Winds the old path of beauty—

are in the manner of great poetry and really memorable.

Mr. Woodberry's fundamental idea is the continuity of life through all the ages, underlying all creeds and human manifestations. Reading through his volume, one feels a strong pulse of feeling and sees many visions. If we feel that the verses lack the final charm of utterance and the supreme power of giving reality to the unseen; if they impress us rather as poetic discourse, or as more or less adequate discourse about poetic things, than as poetry itself—this is merely to deny them genius.